

THE DICKENSIAN

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and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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WHEN FOUND—

THE ninth of the present month will mark the thirty-seventh anniversary of the death of Dickens, and, as is our custom, we print a contemporary estimate of the novelist which the event inspired. This year we are able to give a translation, made especially for our pages by Mr. Henry Dexter, of an article from the *Illustrirte Zeitung* of July 9, 1870. The writer of it not only shows his enthusiasm for the subject, but balances his views with some sound reasoning. Our readers will be interested to see how Dickens's many-sidedness appealed to the foreigner, and to learn on the authority of one who is in a position to speak that the often-asserted statement that the humour of the author of the *Pickwick Papers* cannot be understood by foreign nations is not a little unwarranted.

The writer, in the course of his article, gives a quotation from a German magazine which sums up Dickens's power in an excellent simile. "Dickens," it says, "played upon the strings of one's feelings like Franz Liszt played upon the notes of the piano; whichever sound he wished for came out: fun, pensive melancholy, emotion, tears and laughter, aversion and horror." There was nothing impossible for him, and he sometimes imposed upon himself impossible tasks, but the instrument obeyed. This could not be stated better, and our German critic used it more or less for the text of his thoughtful and well-expressed criticism.

As we announced last month, a trip into Kentish Dickens-land has been arranged for Saturday, June 8. The party will leave Victoria Station at 10 a.m., and journey to Chatham. In the morning the numerous places of interest in Chatham and Rochester will be visited, and then lunch will be served at the Bull Hotel, where, it will be remembered, Mr. Jingle had his famous quarrel with Dr. Slammer, and where the memorable ball took place. After lunch vehicles will be in waiting to take the party to Gad's Hill, where permission has been obtained to inspect the house. Then the drive will be continued, *viâ* Shorne Church, to Cobham, where tea will be taken at the Leather Bottle, to which inn Mr. Tupman retired from the world after the elopement with Jingle of Miss Wardle, and within sight of which Mr. Pickwick made his immortal discovery of the stone bearing the mystic inscription which scoffers transcribed as "Bill Stumps, his mark." The return journey will be made from Sole Street Station. The cost of the day's outing, including railway fare, lunch, admission to Rochester Castle, the drive, and tea will be 8s. 6d. Non-members will be welcomed, of course. Will those

who intend to join the party kindly forward 8s. 6d. to the Hon. General Secretary of the Fellowship by June 5? Railway tickets will be distributed at the station.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Frederick William Aldersey, who was for upwards of thirty-four years a prominent figure in the house of Chapman & Hall. Mr. Aldersey was a great student of all that is best in classic literature, and was well read in the works of the leading writers of the early Victorian period. He had made a particular study of Carlyle and Dickens, the two notable authors of the firm, and his wonderful, retentive memory made his knowledge of the former writer a valued asset to the firm. But as regards Dickens there was nothing he did not know, either from the point of view of a student or of a bibliographer, and there are few collectors of Dickensiana in this country and America who will not have every reason for lamenting his death. For, although a very unobtrusive man, he never refused to let others enjoy the peculiar knowledge he had acquired during his lifelong association with Dickens's original publishers. He had endeared himself by his cheery optimism and good fellowship to all his colleagues at Henrietta Street, and his loss will be keenly felt by them for very many months to come.

The fame of Sudbury still spreads throughout the length and breadth of the land, and is no doubt sending up the circulation of *The Eatanswill Gazette* in leaps and bounds. Number two has made its welcome appearance, and is, if possible, better than the first. One of the most interesting contributions to the subject so far is the series of pictures published in *The Graphic* of May 4, taken from photographs by Mr. C. Van Noorden, who also contributed the short article accompanying it. It seems, however, the discovery that Sudbury was Eatanswill was made two years ago by Mr. Rowley Elliston, the President of the Ipswich Literary Society, who read a paper on November 16, 1905, at one of its meetings, in which he "arrived at the definite conclusion that topographically, and in the light of internal evidence afforded by the book itself, Sudbury must be regarded as Eatanswill."

Whilst on the subject, may we make due apology to the shade of Mrs. Pott for the unfortunate misprint in our last issue? She may have been a bit of a flirt, and Mr. Jingle may have had "such a way with him," but we doubt if Mrs. Pott would have succumbed to it. Some reparation, too, is due to Mr. Winkle, who, after having succeeded in making a conquest of the estimable lady, should surely be fully credited with it.

The Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship will this year be held in London, on Saturday, October 5, the day before the fifth anniversary of the inauguration of the society.

Mr. Martin Harvey commences his season at the Adelphi Theatre, London, next month, during which time he will give the thousandth performance of "The Only Way," the famous dramatization of *A Tale of Two Cities*.

THE EDITOR.

THE POSITIVE QUALITIES OF DICKENS

FROM A GERMAN POINT OF VIEW

Translated by HENRY DEXTER. (From *Illustrirte Zeitung*, July 9, 1870)

THE greatest novelist of present-day England, the most successful and the most honoured of all writers of modern times, was laid to rest in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey on June 14. His country paid him in death those honours which are reserved by centuries of usage for the most celebrated of its sons.

English newspapers and reviews of all kinds, from the *Times* and the *Athenaeum* downwards, have published obituary notices, couched in language of solemn praise; all other voices are silenced. And with the sorrow at his all too early death is mingled the regret that he has left his newest work, *Edwin Drood*, unfinished.

Looked at from another point of view, it may be regarded as fortunate that this writer was taken away in the midst of his work. No gradual diminishing of his powers, no sick-bed, but Death itself took from the enchanted hand the pen which for thirty years had enthralled thousands. The loss of Dickens will be felt by us in Germany, too. Few of the modern writers of the Fatherland can boast that they have given their readers happier and more enjoyable hours, or conferred greater or deeper charms than has Dickens in the *Pickwick Papers*, *Dombey and Son*, or *David Copperfield*.

Dickens was as well known to us as it is possible for any foreign writer to be. His characters appeared to us, in spite of their specifically English characteristics, with such realism and living warmth that we were often tempted to seek and recognize them among our own circles. The joys and sorrows of his world of phantasy were shared by us as keenly as by his own countrymen, and the effects of his writings were beneficial and inspiring to the highest degree.

Where there are great effects there must also be great causes; even the great detractors of Charles Dickens must admit that he was no mere fashionable celebrity, no mere ephemeral favourite, that was able to maintain his popularity for a quarter of a century and more. Even talent is not sufficient; it is reserved to genius to accomplish this. And nothing can be more idle than to suppose that Charles Dickens gained his world-wide reputation in circumstances which were all-favourable. It is just the reverse. Charles Dickens would in any case have been reckoned among those great writers whose influence extends far beyond their own country, because the positive qualities of his greatness, of his nature, and of his creative gifts, were bound to develop themselves under the most unfavourable and the most dispiriting conditions. One is apt to make too much of the great success which he enjoyed, but certainly these things contributed to give him that happy confidence in his own powers which assisted in the development of his genius. On the other hand, one must not forget that to arrive at these successes in the England of his time he had to make great and painful sacrifices, and that these sacrifices caused him to give more

attention to the artistic side of his glorious talent, to the loss of the highest harmonious effects.

It lay in his power to create quite different pictures if he had been allowed. Every exact view and judgment of this great writer must take into consideration the double nature of the influence which the social conditions and prejudices in England had upon him; now urging forward, now hindering. The acclamations and the wonder of the whole civilized world did little to alter these prejudices of his own countrymen.

Julian Schmidt has been recently writing some articles in *Westermann's Monthly*, entitled "Studies of Dickens and Humour," and he prefaces his articles with the following very trite remarks:—

"His success is perfectly justified if one takes into account his poetical talents. There are many and important things to be said against him, but whoever undertakes to criticize him must do it hat in hand, because he is standing before one upon whose temples Nature has put the stamp of genius. Dickens played upon the strings of one's feelings like Franz Liszt played upon the notes of the piano; whichever sound he wished for came out: fun, pensive melancholy, emotion, tears and laughter, aversion and horror. He has such power over one that one is obliged to submit, even against one's will. There is nothing impossible for him; he sometimes imposes on himself impossible tasks, but the instrument obeys. There is the same wealth of thought in the characters as in their humours; these imaginative pictures come easy, and without exertion on his part."

The special mention of the imagination of the author is of importance, because Dickens, on account of his realism, has often been accused of being merely a photographer of the immeasurably rich life of England, and especially that of London. Now, it is undoubted that he owed much to this and to his capability of identifying himself with it, but this is slight compared with the creative power of his imagination, and with the germinating power which he possessed of putting into poetic shape incidents from real life. The greatest works and triumphs of Dickens rest upon his absolute power over the different moods of life, and upon the might of his imagination. With this the assertion of a few hyper-idealists, that our author was principally a matter-of-fact man, falls to the ground; those are in the right who take a contrary opinion, viz., that he judged *all too many* things by the heart instead of by reason. There is something true in this last reproach. As concerns the political life and the hypocrisy of public interests which loom so large in his country, Dickens confessed himself an incorrigible heretic, a heathen who would never be converted. Hundreds of figures and situations of his writings have for their main object to prove that the much-praised British institutions are nothing but swindles (brutal and indifferent to the bolstering up of certain class interests), and if Great Britain has not become a hell it is because of the indestructible energy, vital warmth, and kindness of heart of those thousands who in public life are never or very seldom heard of. If Dickens at some points oversteps the national bent

towards caricature, there is no doubt in the mind of the reader of the substantial accuracy of his views and feelings. Charles Dickens, by standing up for the rights of the individual against the State Moloch, for true philanthropy against hypocritical institutions and fine-sounding theories, for a courageous outlook on life instead of the Methodistical-Puritanism (which he looked upon as hypocrisy), and showing by means of his characters the oppressed fighting against the Golden Calf; showing also some of the most-feared and inflated national prejudices from their humorous side—we say that by doing this he did for his country at least as much as any politician of mark.

In this respect, then, it is true that Charles Dickens was a topical writer—topical in the noblest sense of the word, that is; topical in so far as every great work must bear the impress of the time in which it is written; this Charles Dickens's works naturally had. Most of them, however, have a certain object lying quite outside the story as such. The bad arrangements of the English educational establishments, the barbarous and Byzantine monstrosities of the law, the lethal tendencies of the self-glorifying national economy, and hundreds of other abuses, he fought against. His manner of doing all this, however, put him far beyond any topical writer. With his never-failing poetical feelings and his human pathos, he knew how to dive into men's hearts and show them the effects upon mankind and upon the happiness of those institutions which he fought against. He shows it to us in such form that we join with him in his hatred, abomination, and love. And if, with these eminent abilities, the effects of his romances, taken in a non-poetic sense, have been smaller than we could wish for English life and habits, a part of the guilt is that grave move towards virtuosity, that regardless working for the moment. The character and education of a German is measured by his thought-relation to Goethe; willing or unwilling, he must take his views of life and his feelings from Goethe; and, with a few exceptions, this is the case with much lesser writers of the present time. But with Dickens the admiration for his works can go hand in hand with negation of the reader's feelings. We fear that the English in the coming generation will not be judged by their feeling with Dickens or not; the best and deepest of his works are regarded by some as mere art-works, as made-up things. A portion of the better-class English still see in the author of *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *Great Expectations*, *Little Dorrit*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*, nothing but the brilliant caricaturist and variety artist of the *Pickwick Papers* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. They deny the earnestness and the truth of these great pictures of life: they traduce their importance as writings, because the thought that they could be of consequence and living effect upon English life is unpalatable to them.

But, for all that, there is proof that the views of the writer are not those of himself alone, and that to thousands and thousands the thought that Dickens already recognized is gradually coming, namely, that no power, no glory, no

excellence of political institutions can quench the want of the individual, can supplant that longing for happiness which lies in manhood, and that it is to moral forces we must look to satisfy this longing; that, among these moral forces poetry does not take the last place. If the millions of happy hours which his genius gave us are reckoned, Charles Dickens felt deeply and achieved gloriously.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XXX

In Memoriam

THERE'S a crowd of troubled faces at the corner of the street,
Where the brief and hasty bulletin is scrawled upon the sheet,
With a terrible distinctness, that arrests the busy feet,
Of thousands moving on.

It came stealing o'er the wire, with a slow and sullen spark,*
Like a storm-cloud that is brooding, when the sky is grim and dark,
And the fatal bolt is lurking, to engulf the gallant bark,
Which still goes moving on.

And the men who feel the burden of a new and heavy woe,
Get them sadly to their dwellings, with reluctant step and slow,
For they're thinking of the tidings that shall startle like a blow,
While they keep moving on.

Dead—thoughtless—senseless—silent! No, it *cannot* be! the brain,
Which has wrought so long and deftly, must be animate again
With its constant, tender sympathy for every brother's pain,
It *must* keep moving on!

Why, the man was our great teacher in the battle-school of life!
He has shown us how to struggle, how to *conquer* in a strife,
Which, for every son of Adam, is with deadly peril rife,
As time goes moving on.

Who shall lift the fallen sceptre? Who shall grasp the wand of
might?

Who shall conjure up new phantoms, to allure us or affright,
From the realms of joyous sunshine, from the shades of grisly night,
And keep them moving on?

God doeth all things wisely!—and we know 'tis for the best,
That the loving heart is pulseless and the weary brain at rest.
They have gained an immortality in every human breast—
They'll still keep moving on!

From *Awful and other Jingles*. By P. R. S., New York. 1871.

* Charles Dickens died on June, 9, 1870. The announcement of his death was delayed for several hours, owing to a derangement of the telegraphic communication.

DICKENS AND BIRMINGHAM

By HORACE E. MOORE

II

FOUR years elapsed before Dickens was again in Birmingham.

He and his illustrious company appeared at the Town Hall on the 12th May, 1852, in connection with the famous "Guild of Literature and Art," the object being "to encourage life assurance and other provident habits among authors and artists, to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence, and to found a new institution where honourable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties." The play was the new comedy, specially



TICKET OF ADMISSION TO THE PERFORMANCE IN AID OF
"THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART."

written for the guild by Lord Lytton, and entitled "Not so Bad as We Seem; or, Many Sides to a Character." Dickens took the part of "Lord Willmott," Wilkie Collins that of "Mr. Shaddowly Softhead," Forster that of "Mr. Hardman," and Mark Lemon that of "Sir Geoffrey Thorside." The performance concluded with a farce in one act, entitled "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," in which Dickens took no less than six different characters, whilst Mark Lemon took three. The tickets of admission on this occasion, an illustration of which is here given, was the design of Mr. E. M. Ward, A.R.A., and represents the objects of the Guild, namely, giving aid to those who have been unfortunate workers in literature and art. On the left of the illustration is a representation of Richard Wilson, with a painting, partially

hidden from view, entering a pawnbroker's shop, whilst on the right is depicted Daniel Defoe emerging from the publishers with his rejected MSS.

The scenery in connection with this comedy was the work of some of the most eminent artists of the day, including Clarkson Stanfield, David Roberts, Telbin and Pitt. Strangely enough the stage and scenic effects (including a particularly fine drop scene by David Roberts, R.A.) eventually found a home in the Concert Hall attached to the "Spread Eagle," Spiceal Street, Birmingham, now known as the "Criterion." It is said to be still there, but in such a dilapidated condition as to be almost beyond recognition.

The Birmingham Society of Artists being in a declining state in 1852, two of its members waited upon a Mr. G. Linnaeus Banks with a view to devising means for restoring its prosperity and efficiency. The interview resulted in the raising of a supplementary fund for the purpose of giving a prize to the painter of the most notable picture exhibited during the season in which the co-operation of the Mayor and other officials and gentlemen of the borough was solicited. Elated with their success in this direction, the promoters resolved to crown it with a banquet, and, in their invitations, to associate literature with art. By the strangest coincidence, whilst arrangements for this banquet were in preparation it became known that a small body of people, in no way connected with the Society of Arts or its members, had formed themselves into a committee, and were meeting at the "Trees Inn," Hockley, Birmingham, for the purpose of inaugurating a shilling subscription fund in order to present Dickens with a testimony of their admiration and esteem, whereupon the banquet in connection with the Society of Artists was the occasion decided upon at which to make the presentation. The banquet "in honour of literature and art," and to promote their achievement in Birmingham therefore took place at Dee's Hotel (now known as the "Old Royal"), Temple Row, on the 6th January, 1853. The presentation preceded the banquet, and took place at the rooms of the Society of Artists (then situate in Temple Row) in the presence of a gay and distinguished company. It took the form of a silver "Iliad" salver, manufactured by Messrs. Elkingtons, of Newhall Street, Birmingham, and a valuable diamond ring, manufactured by Mr. Thomas Aston, of Regent Place. In making the presentation Mr. Banks was called upon to read the following address:—

"TO CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

"SIR,—In requesting your acceptance of the accompanying ring and salver, it may be necessary for your personal gratification, as well as for the satisfaction of those whose opinions are therein embodied, to explain the reasons which have led to this open expression of a feeling as sincere and deeply seated as it is humbly and imperfectly conveyed. It has been remarked that a regard for our national writers enters into and forms part of the

sacred emotions of every educated man; and perhaps to this sentiment, no less than to the high moral purpose by which your works are distinguished, your Birmingham readers may appeal for a sanction of this grateful acknowledgment of your varied and well-applied talents. The lightest work of fiction, if written with a pure aim, tends to universal exaltation; and, this admitted, who shall affect to speak slightly of that genial mind, and the mingled wit and wisdom exhibited in those writings, which have secured for their author a fame not confined to this Kingdom, nor yet circumscribed by the language of its people. It has been your aim 'to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to



THE "ILIAD" SALVER.

Presented to Dickens at the Rooms of the Society of Artists, Birmingham, on January 6, 1853.

show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure.' Seeking this end, you have striven to instruct the social mind of the country, to establish a kindly sympathy between all classes, to reconcile men to the discipline of calamity and harsh fortune, and to maintain in its integrity that Law of God which teaches that all mankind are brothers. Hence, while unconsciously building up for yourself a name among the world's great, and making that name 'familiar in our mouth as Household Words,' you have drawn towards you the sympathy of all loving hearts, and the esteem and admiration of the English people. With these feelings we ask you to honour us by accepting these two articles of Birmingham manufacture, adding a hope that the day is not far distant when there shall be a national value set upon such services

as yours; when, before even the bright chivalry of birth, there shall be a public recognition of that higher order which is derived from the sovereignty of genius, and whose letters patent are a grant from Heaven."

Dickens acknowledged the gift in a very appreciative manner.

The following was inscribed upon the salver:—

"This salver, together with a diamond ring, was presented to Charles Dickens, Esq., by a number of his admirers in Birmingham, on the occasion of the Literary and Artistic Banquet held in that town on the 6th of January, 1853, as a sincere testimony of their appreciation of his varied literary acquirements, and of the genial philosophy and high moral teaching which characterize his writings."

After the presentation the company adjourned to the "Old Royal" (then Dee's Hotel), where the banquet took place. The chair was taken by the Mayor, Henry Hawkes, and the vice-chair by Peter Hollins, the sculptor. Two hundred and eighteen gentlemen were in attendance. After the cloth had been drawn the various toasts were proceeded with, to William Scholefield, M.P., being accorded the privilege of proposing the toast of the evening, namely, "The Literature of England," with which he coupled the name of Dickens. To this Dickens responded characteristically, and later in the evening gave as a toast "The Educational Institutions of Birmingham, and after the banquet offered to give his first public reading in aid of the funds for the building and formation of the Birmingham and Midland Institute. This generous offer was put into writing next day in a letter written to Mr. Arthur Ryland (7th January, 1853), wherein he states, "It would take about two hours, with a pause of ten minutes about half way through. There would be some novelty in the thing, as I have never done it in public, though I have in private, and (if I may say so) with a great effect on the hearers."

(To be concluded.)

REVIVAL OF "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"

THE Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Society will revive "The Old Curiosity Shop" at the end of June, at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, W., and at the Marlborough Theatre, Holloway, N. The dates have not been definitely fixed yet, but the performances will be duly noted in the daily press, and a postcard to the Hon. Sec., Walter Dexter, 40, Ommaney Road, New Cross, will ensure the sender receiving full particulars in due course. The performances will again be given in aid of the Lord Mayor's Cripples Fund, and so worthy a Dickensian object should be widely patronized.

A few alterations have been made in the cast since the play was presented in May last year, but Mr. Teignmouth Shore will retain his part of Quilp; Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross, Sampson Brass; and Miss Kathleen Marriott, Little Nell. Mrs. J. T. Grein will play Sally Brass.

CHARLES DICKENS AND JOHN BULL

By J. CUMING WALTERS

AUTHOR OF "CLUES TO THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD"

II

LET us take a closer glance at John Bull, the man, in one of his familiar attitudes. We know how he prides himself on his excellent condition, on his practical character, on his perfect integrity, and on his sound commonsense. We know how he boasts of his riches, but overlooks the poverty around him. We know how he deals with social problems either by brushing them aside or referring them to a Royal Commission—which is the same thing. John Bull, in this aspect, is represented by that eminent and virtuous person, Mr. Podsnap. So we learn from his delineator that Mr. Podsnap was well to do, and stood very high in Mr. Podsnap's opinion. . . . He had thriven exceedingly, and was quite satisfied. He never could make out why everybody else was not quite satisfied. He got rid of disagreeable things by putting them out of existence with a flourish of his right arm. In this way he cleared the world of all difficult matters. He considered other countries a mistake; of their manners and customs he would conclusively observe, "Not English!" Then, with a flourish of his right arm they were swept away. As a respectable man Mr. Podsnap felt it was required of him to take Providence under his protection. Consequently he always knew exactly what Providence meant. And it was very remarkable and very comfortable that whatever Providence meant was invariably what Mr. Podsnap meant. Mr. Podsnap's house was of hideous solidity. Everything was made to look as heavy as it could, and to take up as much room as possible. Everything was ugly, corpulent, unsightly, pot-bellied, and weighed "ever so much."

Hear this noble patriot discourse on social wrongs. It was brought to his notice that half a dozen people had lately died in the streets of starvation. Mr. Podsnap thought the reference to such a circumstance was highly impolite, that it was clearly ill-timed after dinner, and that it was not in good taste. "I don't believe it," said Mr. Podsnap, putting it behind him. He was told that the inquests and the registrar's return proved it. "Then it was their own fault," said Mr. Podsnap. Some one ventured to reply that people did not prefer to die of starvation, and would doubtless avoid it if they could. To which Mr. Podsnap replied: "There is not a country in the world, sir, where so noble a provision is made for the poor as in this country." He was told how a vast improvement might be brought about. "Not English!" said Mr. Podsnap. And finding that this did not wholly suppress the would-be reformer, he added: "I must decline to pursue this painful discussion. It is not pleasant to my feelings. It is repugnant to my feelings. I do not admit these things, but if they do occur the fault lies with the sufferers themselves. It is

not for me to impugn the workings of Providence. Besides, the subject is an odious one, and I—" and with a flourish of his arm he removed it from the face of the earth.

Mr. Podsnap is still in evidence, and usually a highly respected local authority; and now, as formerly, he is surrounded by faithful officers who repeat his doctrines and follow his example. The name of these satellites is Bumble, and John Bull highly prizes their services. They are among the national bulwarks, and their speciality is "keeping things down," or misinterpreting things that will come up. You can hear the echo of great Podsnap's words when Bumble discusses an awkward question of the day.

"Mrs. Corney," said the beadle, smiling as men smile who are conscious of superior information, "out-of-door relief, properly managed: properly managed, ma'am: is the parochial safeguard. The great principle of out-of-door relief is, to give the paupers exactly what they don't want; and then they get tired of coming. . . . That's the great principle; and that's the reason why, if you look at any cases that get into them owdacious newspapers, you'll always observe that sick families have been relieved with slices of cheese. That's the rule now, Mrs. Corney, all over the country."

If Podsnap in private garb is bad, Podsnap in official livery is worse. John Bull is then seen in his unbending and unapproachable state; all things, animate or inanimate, must adapt themselves to him. Our laws are to be universal laws, our customs universal customs, our weights and measures universal weights and measures; and any one who cannot speak our language is a poor deluded heathen. That is the opinion of the lower-grade John Bull, who thinks the British flag hides a multitude of his own sins. It was of such a man that Dickens has left us a portrait in Mr. Commissioner Pordage, the obscure but self-important, hidebound, red-tape British official, who thought he could solve every problem, meet every crisis, master every catastrophe, and probably overawe an earthquake, by putting on his diplomatic coat.

The John Bull who did not like to be disturbed out of his indolent dream that all was right and proper was exactly the John Bull with whom Dickens could not agree. His environment, his experiences, and his nature as moulded under exceptional conditions, were against it. He had been one of the sufferers under antique systems and under hidebound laws, and he had been made to feel the pangs and disadvantages of social inequalities. Dickens never forgot the rock out of which he had been hewn, nor his own dismal poverty-stricken youth and his hard struggles. Hence his sympathy with the poor and oppressed, hence his poignant interest in their hardships, hence his keenness in detecting where amendment was required. "In all my writings," he said, "I hope I have taken every available opportunity of showing the want of sanitary improvements in the neglected dwellings of the poor." He has left us pictures of Bleeding Heart Yard, and of prosperous John Bull's poverty regions, which still make our cheeks burn with shame. He has taught us how difficult it was in his time for the toiling masses to assert themselves, or to attempt to better their

condition by the exercise of the same laws that their employers adopted. He desired every chance of improvement in status, health, and happiness to be given to those who were born of low degree. Books, museums, proper places of entertainment, and instruction were to be provided, and John Bull was to be aroused out of his sleepy habit of neglect and indifference. Not only his volumes, but his speeches must be consulted for the proofs of this.

I think it has been quite truly said that Dickens had not always a clear and specific idea as to what form the improvements should take. He pointed out the disease and its dangers, and it was for others to prescribe the cure. He knew what our hideously wrong and barbaric treatment of charity boys and workhouse waifs led to; he knew that over-zeal for the Tockahoopoo Indians led to neglect of the Poor Jo's at home; he knew the pernicious influence of Bumble, and Squeers, and Mrs. Gamp, and sleepy Lord Chancellors for ever adjourning cases and heaping up costs in the Chancery Court. He proposed to laugh some out of existence, and to scourge others to their doom, and he was not called upon, having done that, to revise the Poor Laws, or establish model seminaries, or reorganize the legal system and create new Courts of Equity. John Bull was to see to the remedy when Dickens had exposed the malady. John Bull was to be taught, not by scolding and exhortation; by a life-like example he could be made to understand that Mrs. Gamp was an evil to be swept away as much as the Circumlocution Office, and that the real enemy of England was Mr. Podsnap, who said "All was well," Gradgrind and Bounderby, who would have crushed down the aggrieved instead of crushing out the grievance, and the Barnacle tribe, who would have prevented reform by the exercise of every art of evasion. Dickens tried to make John Bull an active legislator; he awakened him to facts; he taught him that things might be better at home. That was a marvel of accomplishment when you consider what a sturdy, obstinate, old gentleman John Bull can be when he is convinced that all is for the best in this best possible island in the best possible world. An old gentleman who still tolerates the railway sandwich and the railway cup of tea at railway prices, served out by undying specimens of Mugby Junction waitresses, is not an old gentleman to be easily moved to reform when vaster issues are at stake. Dickens must have been possessed of the faith that would move mountains when he set himself this task. But he chose his weapon with unerring skill, and used it with unmatched dexterity. Satire, raillery, ridicule, call it what you will, attained his end. It pierced the joints of John Bull's armour and reached his most sensitive spot. He still winces if you call him Bumble; he shudders at a reference to red tape; he does not like you to mention Jarndyce v. Jarndyce, and "Wiglomeration"; and if you compare him to Pecksniff he will bring an action for libel.

In other words, John Bull has realized some of his weaknesses, has discovered where he is at fault, and is disposed to take Dickens's lessons to heart. John Bull has honestly, though slowly, tried to reform. Circumlocution, imprisonment for debt, public executions, barbaric sentences on child offenders, education, rational

amusement for the poorer orders, death-ships, purer food, healthier cities, the abolition of slum areas, the patent laws, better treatment of old soldiers, the workhouse system—all these have had his attention, and though he still has much to do, yet he can claim to have made a beginning and done a little. And the spur to action and progress will be found in Dickens. It was not an enemy who did this thing, but a lover of his country and his countrymen; not a fault-finder eager to betray the shortcomings of his native land, but a patriot who desired her efficiency and supremacy. John Bull had in Dickens a righteous counsellor and a devoted friend, the friend who dares to chide the fault because he fears that fault will be fatal. The bravest and the noblest work that Dickens did was in his righteous censure—a censure that made for holiness, for advancement, for the welfare alike of the individual and the race.

*(Conclude*d*.)*

DICKENS AND TORONTO

By O. SACK

WE present herewith a portrait of Mr. E. S. Williamson, the organizer and President of the Toronto Branch of the Dickens Fellowship. Although inaugurated only just two years ago—to be exact, on May 9, 1905—this branch is now the second largest in the world, with a membership of over 300, and its organizer expresses the hope that the 400 mark may be passed before the end of the current year. Not only is the branch large in membership, but it has undertaken and successfully accomplished effective work in harmony with the objects of the society, as laid down in the rules. Within a few weeks after organization, the branch established a Dickens Cot in the Home for Incurable Children, and has since maintained it at an annual cost of \$100. The present occupant of the cot is a coloured child, Victoria St. Clair, so named because she was found on St. Clair Avenue on "Victoria Day." In addition to its charitable work, the branch has introduced to Toronto some of the best platform talent from both sides of the Atlantic, including Prof. John Duxbury, of Manchester; Mr. Frank Speaight, of London; and Mr. William Sterling Batts, of Chicago. From the proceeds of these recitals and other entertainments, funds are secured for the support of the Dickens Cot, as the membership fee of the branch is a nominal one of fifty cents, barely sufficient to cover running expenses. The branch has also raised ten guineas towards the establishment of the National Dickens Library at the Guildhall, so it will be seen its interest in the Fellowship is general, and not merely local.

Mr. Williamson—to whose efforts, in conjunction with those of the Hon. Secretary-Treasurer, Miss M. Pennell, the branch owes its success—is known throughout Canada as "the Dickens Man." He has been a lover of "Boz" from boyhood, and has specialized on the subject for nearly twenty years, with such good results that his library contains perhaps the most extensive collection of Dicken-

siana in America. About five years ago, Mr. Williamson prepared an illustrated lecture, entitled "An Evening with Dickens," covering the entire life of the novelist, and embellished with nearly 150 lantern views. This lecture proved popular and successful from the start, and has been in such demand that Mr. Williamson has since filled engagements all over Canada and in many parts of the United



MR. E. S. WILLIAMSON

States. He has within the last year or two added to his platform subjects an illustrated lecture on *Pickwick* and a recital of Dickens's own reading version of *A Christmas Carol*. Mr. Williamson contemplated a visit to England last fall, but had to postpone the trip. We hope he may come soon, and when he does come, we bespeak for him a cordial welcome by the home branches of the Fellowship.

THE PICKWICK EXHIBITION

THE announcement that a *Pickwick* Exhibition is to be held in London during the summer has been received with great interest throughout the country, and many offers of interesting and valuable items have been made by enthusiastic collectors. The Committee is anxious that the Exhibition should be worthy the popularity of the great book, and would be grateful if every one who has anything pertaining to it will communicate with the Secretary of The Dickens Fellowship.

BOZ AND HIS PUBLISHERS

By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

V

BRADBURY & EVANS AND SOME OTHERS

"BRADBURY & EVANS" seems to us more of an abstraction than the others. This may be owing to the admixture of the printing element. After the *Christmas Carol* disturbance Boz fled to their arms, and they received him with joy. But the new firm little dreamed what summary treatment was awaiting them some years later. It was on June 1, 1844, that Bradbury & Evans signed a contract with him to advance him £2,800, in return for which they were to have a fourth share in whatever he might write during the next eight years. This advance was no doubt to go to pay off his former publishers. Thus, as Chapman & Hall had "bought him out" from Bentley, so Bradbury & Evans were to buy him out from the Chapmans.

Like Scott, Dickens in ordinary course might have confined himself to a single firm of printers; but, as it turned out, he had three: this firm; Bentley (a connection of the publishers), for *Oliver Twist* and *Grimaldi*; and, later, Whitings. Hicks was the foreman who superintended *Pickwick* through the press; and the worthy Birtles, whom I knew so well, looked after *All the Year Round* at Whitings.

"Boz" was destined to remain with the Bouverie Street folk for some fourteen years, until the year 1858, when a sudden storm broke. Forster has told, and told discreetly, of his friend's agitated and highly wrought condition owing to domestic trouble. I well recall the general wonder and even confusion when the author's famous "Personal" came out—a proclamation, *urbi et orbi*, which it required no request from the writer to insert in every journal with an eager alacrity. As is well known, one "weekly" did not insert it, and refused to insert it. This paper was *Punch*, the property of his friends and publishers. They urged that, as this was an entirely comic paper, it would have been inappropriate; but *Punch* often dealt with serious matters, and one might have thought that a special place might have been found for the manifesto—even as a matter of grace to so distinguished a man. "Boz" was stung to fury, and at once severed his connection with the offending firm. People wondered exceedingly at this display of resentment, but there was something behind.

It would seem that the editor of *Punch* was acting for Mrs. Dickens, and his double office may have prompted the exclusion of the paper. But, of course, this is mere speculation. From an excited letter, offered for sale by Messrs. Sotheman not long ago, it is clear that Dickens's nerves were in a state of tension owing to these events; and from the letter it is clear that he conceived that one member of the firm was working against him. It is odd that this view of the case should have escaped Forster. So it became war à outrance. "Boz" took no half measures. He would (1) withdraw the printing of all his books; (2) destroy *Household Words*,

their joint magazine; and (3) establish another which should be his sole property. They appealed to the law as to his powers of disposing of the journal. But he proclaimed that he *had* the power to do so. The Court directed the *Household Words* to be sold, and he bought it for a fair price. Of course, the chief asset was his own name and reputation. When it became his own he suppressed it.

The publishers then rather rashly determined on starting a rival "weekly" illustrated, *Once a Week*, which swallowed up a great deal of money. It was impossible to contend against so popular an editor. Thus set free, "Boz" started his *All the Year Round* with a great flourish of trumpets and enormous success. Being without a publisher, he determined to return to the Chapmans. This firm was infinitely more suited to him. They were more flexible, more literary in their *entourage*, and they were always inclined to further his wishes. The great success of his later books must have caused them some twinges. They have now enjoyed the fruits of the renewed connection for nearly fifty years. The tale of the astounding number of copies and editions of his books has been often told. I am certain "Boz" felt infinitely more "comfortable" with them. *Bleak House*, *Dombey*, and *Copperfield* were the chief works associated with the house of Bradbury, Evans & Co.

We know of two instances, at least, where "Boz" became a little speculative, and seemed to be his own publisher. The *Pictures from Italy*, issued in 1846, is described as being "published for the author by Bradbury, Evans & Co." The *Tale of Two Cities*, though issued by a regular publisher, was also to be ordered at the *All the Year Round* Office, Wellington Street.*

It may have been that "Boz" had once a convict publisher—or publisher among convicts—as in the instance of a very far off and unexpected issuing of his *Pickwick Papers* in Van Dieman's Land—of all places in the world! He talks somewhere of "Botany Bay assurance," but this was a wonderful effort and worthy of all admiration. For to bring out a work of fiction in a penal colony was indeed something heroic. The book is now open before me, and is, we may well imagine, a scarce thing and a great curio. It is really very respectably done—somewhat rough and crude in execution, but still passable enough. A copy from England must have come out in one of the gruesome convict ships. On the title-page we read that it was "illustrated after Phiz," and that it was published in

V. D. LAND
HENRY DOWLING, LAUNCESTON
1838.

Dowling says he was not only publisher but also printer of the book.

* Book collectors are familiar enough with the different editions of *Oliver Twist*, in one, two or three volumes, all with the Cruikshank plates, but it is little known that in 1846 it was issued "in monthly parts, revised carefully by the author throughout," and (uniform with the *Pickwick Papers*). By this time, however, the plates must have been pretty much worn. The writer has a copy of *Oliver* which may be the envy of bibliophiles. It consists of the parts in the "Miscellany" bound up with all the fine type and the early impressions of the plates.

At first it looked as though he got out sets of the sheets from London, but the type has a sort of *exotic* aspect. In a very modest, not to say humble, address, Dowling asks indulgence for his bantling:—

"It is confidently believed that the present reprint of the *Pickwick Papers* is the largest publication which has issued from either the New South Wales or the Tasmanian press. It is hoped that not only is it the largest, but that it will be pronounced by the public to be the best executed typographical work that has been published in these Colonies. The publisher can assure his subscribers that no trouble or expense has been spared to secure it such a distinction. The trouble and expense have, indeed, been considerable—greater than was originally contemplated; but it was thought that if any publication would repay the cost of its production it would be the far-famed *Pickwick Papers*.

"The original work was produced, as the colonial public are aware, in monthly parts. Its popularity was so unprecedentedly great that 30,000 copies of each number were regularly sold off. No writer, perhaps, ever enjoyed a popularity so great as that obtained by Mr. Dickens for his *Pickwick Papers*. Every class of periodical, from the aristocratic *Quarterly Review* to the penny newspaper, joined in spontaneous applause of the work. It is impossible for the gravest person to read its pages and resist the varied humour in which they abound."

"It remains for the Tasmanian publisher to add that in order to render his work at once acceptable to subscribers and creditable to the Colony, he has been at the expense of procuring a series of illustrations to his reprint, after the most humorous of the original designs which accompanied the English publication, by 'Phiz.' These illustrations will be found fully equal to the original, and, as the work of a colonial artist, will preserve to the *reprint* its character of a purely colonial publication."

Our Dowling clearly is not a little proud of his work and complacently satisfied with the credit that it must bring to his colony. No doubt the type was set by convict printers. It will be seen that he had to issue it by subscription, so as to be secured, in some degree, against loss. I have little doubt, however, that poor Dowling *did* lose by his venture. Some six hundred closely printed octavo pages was a risky thing. The illustrations are indifferent enough—the unindulgent would call them shocking—by no means equal to "Phiz," as claimed, and of a "scratchy" sort. They are signed by "Tiz"—a mild colonial jest—and are tolerably faithfully copied.

His publishers in the United States were not slack in coining money out of the work of the young English writer. *Pickwick*, above all, was their prey, and on no book did the piratical horde settle with such avidity. They all competed with each other, as well they might, for there was nothing to pay. I believe Dickens deeply resented and never forgave this treatment, for it inflamed him to indignation to see the large sums the Americans were paying to read him, and in which he could have no share. This was the true reason for his visit to the States—an inspiration half formed to try and reshape the copyright law. Nothing less attractive than these American issues can be conceived. As the object was to undersell each other, everything that could be saved was spared—the paper was inferior and ill-coloured, the print poor, the whole

offering a singularly mean look. But cheap they were; some were in double columns; others, less objectionable, in a small pocket size, to match the "Waverley Novels." In this shape *Pickwick* filled five volumes. The names of these pirates were Turney, Peterson, and Lea. I fancy "Boz" loved least his American ones. They were fair and excellent people—some, like Tickner and Fields, were true friends—but we can say none treated him with a handsome liberality. This is, I have no doubt, what inflamed the bitter dislike to the Americans that is exhibited in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The Harpers' honorarium of £1,000 for a magazine paper was showy enough and a bit of good advertisement. In this connection there was a little episode which few know of, and which involved him in a dispute with some Philadelphia publishers—Patterson & Co. In rather heated language, he had accused his Americans of sending him the poorest remuneration. These people took up the challenge, and certainly furnished a list of payments from all sorts and conditions of publishers of rather respectable amount. The paper will be found at the end of a curious life of "Boz," issued in the States, and the work of an American doctor. It may be added that other exotic editions were issued at Calcutta.

DICKENS AND FURNIVAL'S INN

A MEMORIAL BUST AND TABLET

THE large buildings of the Prudential Assurance Company stand on the site of the old Furnival's Inn, where Dickens wrote the first portion of his *Pickwick*. The directors, wishing to commemorate their connection with the novelist, have set up in the great entrance archway—facing the old chambers where Boz wrote his story—a bust and tablet, the former the work of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, and a recognizable likeness; the tablet from a design of Mr. Paul Waterhouse. The inscription runs:—"Charles Dickens, novelist, born 1812, died 1870. Lived for a time in Furnival's Inn, close to this spot, and there wrote *Pickwick* in the year 1836. This bust was modelled and presented by Percy Fitzgerald." Dickens was four years at Furnival's Inn—first at No. 13, then at No. 15, though he did not reside there all the time. It should be noted that, though it is nearly forty years since Dickens died, this is the first memorial erected in London, and it takes the place of the tablet which used to be fixed to the identical house Dickens lived in, and which was replaced in a prominent position when the new buildings were erected.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, however, was not altogether satisfied, and he suggested to the directors that they should allow him to present a bust, which he had modelled, to be placed in a position as near as possible to the house where Dickens resided. This the directors readily agreed to. The company's architect consulted with Mr. Percy Fitzgerald as to the most suitable way of erecting the bust, and the result is that a pretty black granite tablet, upon the top of which is the bust of Dickens, has been placed just under the archway at the entrance of the inn, with the inscription as above.

PHIZ'S PENCIL SKETCHES

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Walter T. Spencer we have been able, during the last few months, to reproduce a unique series of pencil studies by Hablot K. Browne for his well-known illustrations to Dickens's novels. Mr. Spencer acquired a great number of similar sketches by the great artist, all of which were evidently trial sketches for the various books



ALICE

From a pencil sketch, by "Phiz," for *Dombey and Son*

By permission of Mr. Walter T. Spencer

with which his name is associated. There were, however, only seven illustrating the work of Dickens, and we present this month the last of the interesting series which has proved so great an attraction to our pages, and in doing so offer our thanks to Mr. Spencer for so kindly placing the drawings at our disposal.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IRELAND AND THE FELLOWSHIP

SIR,—Why have we no branch of the Dickens' Fellowship in Ireland? This is a question which must occur to many minds during these days of the "Dickensitis" epidemic. Never has the novelist been in greater favour than now, when almost every periodical and daily journal finds his a name to conjure with. There are hundreds of Irish Dickensians, many, doubtless, on the Fellowship roll, who would welcome the establishment of a branch of their own, and are only waiting for some influential persons to organize it that they may attach themselves thereto. Can nothing be done in the matter? I feel sure that Irish Dickens lovers generally are unanimous in their opinion that the matter should have some consideration—if only to quote the immortal remark of the "boots" at Morrison's "for the honour o' Dooblin."

Yours faithfully,

JACK SHAW.

SKERRIES, CO. DUBLIN.

TO EXTEND THE FELLOWSHIP

SIR,—In looking through the list of branches of the Fellowship given at the final page of your excellent magazine, I notice with regret that those included in the list of "In course of formation" are nearly all abroad, only three out of eight being in England. Now, desirous as I am that the Fellowship should be an organization extending the wide-world over, I think that England ought to take the lead by having the most branches. After all, Dickens was an Englishman bred and born, and it will show us poor English people in very bad light if we find that the admirers of Dickens are to be found in a majority outside his native land.

May I ask if it is anybody's duty to endeavour to get branches formed? If that is so, may I suggest that an effort is made to increase the numbers of branches in our own country.

Yours faithfully,

SUBSCRIBER No. 10,009.

[There is every reason why more branches should be formed in this country, and it seems extraordinary that one does not exist in Ireland. Every encouragement is given by the Council for the formation of branches, and all that is necessary is for some one to offer their services in this connection in the chief towns of the United Kingdom.—EDITOR.]

WANTED, A PORTRAIT OF DICKENS

SIR,—Many suggestions in all shapes and forms come before us from time to time, but up to the present I have not read of a request for a full-sized portrait of the novelist suitable for framing. Might I, therefore, trespass on your space to ask that such a portrait be published by the Fellowship to cost from 10s. 6d. to 21s. The one to be reproduced would be an afterthought, but personally I consider that by Gurney, published in the "Speeches," eminently suitable. Perhaps others would prefer another. At any rate, if the Fellowship can undertake the publication, I shall be pleased to put my name down as a subscriber. Will other readers follow? I have a whole Dickens collection, and should dearly love his portrait hanging in my study.

Yours faithfully,

GERALD McLEAN.

OXFORD, May 8, 1907.

WHERE PHIZ ONCE LIVED

SIR,—In these days, when every true Dickensian enthusiast is anxious to discover fresh landmarks of the novelist's work, the following may be of interest.

In "A Walk from London to Fulham," by Thomas Crofton Croker, originally published as a series of papers in *Fraser's Magazine*, and afterwards collected, revised, and published in book form, by T. F. Dillon Croker, in 1860, I read: "Houses have been built in all directions; on the right-hand side of the Fulham Road, several 'single and married houses,' with small gardens in front and rear, formerly known as Stamford Villas, where, at what was then No. 2, resided, in 1836, H. K. Browne, better known, perhaps, by his sobriquet of 'Phiz,' as an illustrator of popular periodical works. This house, which is no longer standing" (revised edition, 1896), "must have occupied the site of the entrance to the London Athletic Club Grounds, or the shops adjoining."

The next "married" houses, Nos. 3 and 4, still stand in their original form, the name "Stamford Villas" appearing up to the present time on at least one of them.

Yours faithfully,

WHITCOMB HOUSE, W.C.

EMILIE M. MINIKEN.

 QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"I didn't know, and now I do know, and that shows the advantage of asking, don't it?"—ROSA DARTLE.

 QUESTIONS

I find a reference in *Nicholas Nickleby* (ch. 49) to the Thirsty Woman of Tutbury. Can any reader of the *Dickensian* give me any information as to this lady? If so, I shall be much obliged.

FREDK. G. JACKSON.

 THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD.—The last meeting of the Guild for the season took the form of a dance in aid of the funds on April 25 at St. Bride's Institute, Fleet Street. The room was well filled with a company of members and friends, who enjoyed themselves greatly.

BLACKHEATH.—This branch held a whist drive, followed by dancing, at the Lewisham Parish Hall, Ladywell, on April 18. The whist was under the direction of Mr. A. J. Terry, five prizes being given, whilst for the dancing Mr. James E. Palmer, who is hon. general secretary of the branch, acted as M.C. Mr. Fred Brownings' Quadrille Band supplied the music. Although counter attractions were said to have slightly affected the attendance, the event proved a pleasant and most enjoyable one.

BRIGHTON.—As last year, Mr. H. Davey, President of the branch of the Dickens Fellowship, invited the Committee to a Dickensian supper on Saturday, April 20, at Booth's Restaurant. In place of the "Swarry" announced last year, the invitation was to "Chops and

Tomata Sauce;" and on arriving the company found the bill of fare consisting of

Fried Soles (à la Mrs. Crupp).
CHOPS AND TOMATA SAUCE
(à la Mrs. Bardell).
Plum pudding (à la Cratchit).

VANITIES.

The company are requested to take their "pertickler wanities" and put their "lips to it when so disposed."

Ale, the Genuine Stunning!

Sherry without English crumbs in it.

Mr. Pickwick's Particular Port.

Water for Brother Tadger, H. Walker, and Betty Martin.

The guests took for the occasion names of Dickens's evil characters and of contrary sexes; Mr. Davey assuming the part of Mrs. Squeers, and the Vice-Chairman (Mr. Gauntlett, hon. secretary of the branch) Sally Brass. After the repast had been disposed of, the Chairman proposed "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens," which was drunk in silence; and Mr. Adams in eulogistic terms gave the toast of the Chairman, which was received with enthusiasm. In responding, the Chairman took the opportunity of eulogizing the work of the hon. secretary, and proposing his health. Mr. Gauntlett replied in Pecksniffian terms. The toast of "The Ladies," proposed by Mr. Bartlett, was responded to by the secretary of the Needlework Guild, Mrs. Pennifold, the Carker of the evening. Some capital recitations from Dickens's works by Bill Sikes (Miss M. Russell-Davies), Silas Wegg (Miss Goring), Good Misses Brown (Mr. Fowler), and the Vice-Chairman concluded a delightful meeting. The branch met at Steine House on April 27, when a lecture on "The Minor Characters of Dickens" was given by Mr. John Sawyer. In enumerating the various and numerous minor characters, Mr. Sawyer stated that they were all individualized by Dickens, and were perfect types over which the novelist must have spent much time and pains. Some of them were no doubt exaggerated, yet always drawn from life as the attending humour and pathos were always true to nature. The lecturer especially alluded to those characters introduced in the anecdotes related by Sam Weller to his master, Mr. Pickwick, and also to those comprised in *The Uncommercial Traveller*. Mr. Sawyer introduced into his lectures several well-chosen and amusing readings, which entertained his audience very much. During the interval a recital from *Martin Chuzzlewit* was given by Mr. Francis J. Gauntlett, and a cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Sawyer brought a most enjoyable and instructive evening to a close.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY.—After a most successful season the meetings of this society were brought to a close on April 17 with a conversazione. The programme consisted of about seven tableaux taken from the tales of the novelist, the first being three scenes from *The Boots at the Holly Tree*, three scenes from *David Copperfield*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*. A welcome touch of humour came in the next two scenes from *Nicholas Nickleby*. There was dramatic effect in the first of the two scenes from *Great Expectations*, and in *The Old Curiosity Shop*. The last tableaux consisted of four scenes from *Oliver Twist*. This finished the first half of the programme, so tea, coffee, and cakes were served. Then followed an exceedingly good musical programme. Altogether a very successful evening, which reflected great credit upon the secretary (Mr. H. Theo. Jones), who had arranged and directed the programme for the evening. The parts—one and all—were admirably presented throughout.

BRIXTON.—This branch brought a record season to a close on Monday, May 6, with a *conversazione*, which was very largely attended. A capital programme was provided, and under the genial chairmanship of Mr. Sidney Marriott, a very enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. Howard Rose, who is always popular at Fellowship gatherings, recited from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and later gave a selection from Thackeray. Miss Eva Fryett showed quite exceptional elocutionary ability in her recital of a selection from *Barnaby Rudge*. Mr. W. Wolsey delivered Sergeant Buzfuz's speech admirably, and had to respond to an encore. Mr. W. J. Douglas displayed much power in his recital of "The Flight of Little Emily." Mr. Wm. Miles delighted everybody with a couple of recitations. First he gave a charming selection entitled "The Last Test Match," and in response to an irresistible encore he gave "Winkle on the Ice" in a way that evoked hearty laughter. Miss E. Sherlock gave unqualified pleasure to everybody with her rendering of the songs, "When Jack and I were Children" and "Evening," the first in particular being determinedly encored. Miss A. Sherlock earned unstinting applause also for her two songs, and Mr. George Brown sang several humorous songs in a humorous way that gained for him popularity, whilst Mr. Max Gay gave a pleasing rendering of the sweetly pathetic song, "Little Nell." Miss Cobeldiok, who kindly acted as accompanist, also gave a couple of pianoforte solos. Refreshments were served during the evening, and, of course, all who had contributed to the excellent programme were warmly thanked. The April meeting took place on the 22nd of the month, with Mr. Sidney Marriott in the chair. The programme was arranged by Mr. J. S. Baines, the literary portion of which comprised effective recitals and readings:—"The Next-door Neighbour," from *Nicholas Nickleby*, and "Our Housekeeping," from *Copperfield*; both rendered in splendid style by Mr. J. S. Baines. Also two admirable readings by Mr. J. Cartwright: "Miss F. Squeers's Tea-party," and "The Eldest Miss Larkins," which were received with emphatic acclamation. Musical selections—vocal and instrumental—were ably contributed by Miss Shortman, Miss Hoch, and Mr. Drake.

CHESTERFIELD.—A very successful session was brought to a close on May 9 by a dance-social, which was largely attended, among the guests being the Mayor (Alderman Eastwood, J.P.). The programme consisted of vocal and instrumental music, and two character sketches from *David Copperfield* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*. The sketches were much appreciated, and considerable histrionic talent was displayed by the members taking part in them. They were Messrs. Summerskill, Mottram, Hadfield, and Young. Misses Barnes and Rollinson, Mrs. Philpott, and Mr. Mottram contributed recitations, after which dancing was indulged in until the early hours of the morning.

LEEDS.—At the closing meeting of the session on Thursday, April 18, Mr. F. G. Jackson read a much-appreciated paper on a somewhat novel subject, "The Quotability of Dickens." Mr. Jackson said that Dickens was seldom quoted, and that, when quoted, the reference was usually to some such familiar passage as the one in *Pickwick*, which stated that Sam Weller's knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar. This was because the quotability of Dickens had not, whatever the reason, been fully recognized by writers and speakers. *Pickwick Papers* is the most quotable of all Dickens's books, and Mr. Jackson gave many instances of how the book might lately have been used in this way. In turn, the most quotable portion of *Pickwick* was the trial, which (*inter alia*) had furnished the world with an immortal definition of hearsay and, therefore, inadmissible evidence and a classic instance of judicial innocence. Mr. Jackson thought Dickens was more quoted for

political purposes than any other. Mr. Chamberlain had been foremost in this species of warfare, and among the many instances he has made use of Dickens, it was rather surprising that a speaker who never shrank from the introduction of personalities into politics should not have applied to at least one of his opponents Sam Weller's description of his father: "What a perverse old file it is." Mr. Chamberlain's opponents had returned the compliment and compared him to Pecksniff, Chadband, Podsnap, and Mrs. Jellyby, while his friends had overlooked their opportunity by failing to cite "Rather a tough customer, in argument, Joe, if anybody was to try and tackle him" (*Barnaby Rudge*), and "Joey's tough, sir, tough and devilish sly" (*Dombey and Son*). Outside of politics, Dickensian comparisons were rather dangerous, and it had been held by the Law Courts to be libellous to style a firm of solicitors Dodson & Fogg, or to call a man Uriah Heep. Dickens had proved a fruitful source of inspiration to cartoonists, particularly to "F.C.G." The lecturer then ran rapidly through a number of quotable sentences from Dickens, partly grouping them under heads and partly under the books from which they were taken, saying that, like Mr. Pott's sub-editor who, in order to write an article on Chinese metaphysics, read in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" under C. and M. and combined his information, he employed a double method of dealing with the subject. A brief, but interesting, discussion followed, in which there took part Messrs. G. F. Furniss, A. P. Snodgrass, and F. Kidson, Miss Kidson, and the chairman (Mr. J. H. Beacock).

MANCHESTER.—In the report in last month's *Dickensian* of the annual meeting, it was stated, in error, that Mr. Arthur Humphreys was elected hon. treasurer, and Mr. Frank Holden hon. secretary. The offices should be reversed. During Mr. Humphreys's absence from Manchester for a few months his duties as secretary will be carried on by Mr. Holden, the treasurer, to whom all communications bearing on the business of the branch should be forwarded. His address is 5, St. James's Square, Manchester.

NOTTINGHAM.—The Notts branch gave its first drawing-room recital last evening in the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institution. There was a large gathering. The Rev. Rosslyn Bruce presided, and made some opening remarks regarding Dickens and the masses, and Mr. Arthur W. Hayes gave five of the most effective passages from *Nicholas Nickleby*. Mr. Hayes was very successful in all his efforts, and was accorded a warm meed of appreciation. He was assisted by Miss Lilian Adams (London), who sang attractively. The Mayor, Ald. J. A. H. Green, speaking at the interval, made an appeal for increased membership for the Fellowship. He said that Dickens was supposed to be a novelist of the past, but he was inclined to think rather that he was the novelist of the future.

STOCKPORT.—The annual meeting of this branch was held on Friday evening, when the following were elected the officers for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. Edward Helm; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Holt, Hadfield, Marsland, J. Barrodale, and J. H. Pilkington; Council, Mrs. Dawson, Miss Wild, Miss Liptrot, Miss Parkes, Messrs. Wilkinson, Langton, Hopwood, Holland, Fletcher, Ormesher, and Dawson; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Wm. Hatfield. An interesting and instructive paper was read by Miss L. Downs, L.L.C.M., F.V.C.M., on "Dickens and Music." It was announced that £8 10s. will be given to the Police Poor Children's Outing Fund, and 10s. 6d. to the Police-aided Fund for Clothing Poor Children.

TORONTO BRANCH.—Vice-President A. M. Denovan presided at the monthly meeting on April 16. The attendance was very large, and taxed

the capacity of Gerhard Heintzman Hall. It was announced that the Toronto branch continues to grow, and now has a membership of nearly 400, holding second place among the forty branches of the society throughout the world, Sheffield holding first place, and Melbourne, Australia, third. The local branch is taking up Dickens's works in chronological order, the subject of the April meeting being *Nicholas Nickleby*. Mr. Frank Yeigh read a very interesting synopsis of the story. The principal address of the evening was given by Mr. Wm. Houston, M.A., who dealt with the dramatic element in the novel, especially with the author's development of the working of Nemesis in the evolution of certain characters, notably that of Ralph Nickleby. Others taking part in the programme were: Miss Walter, Miss Corey, Miss Oram, and Mr. W. M. Vanderwater.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH BOOKS

Hard Times; and *Christmas Books*. In the "National" Edition. (Sold in sets only.) London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net each.

The Pickwick Papers; and *Sketches by Boz*. In the "Popular" Edition. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1s. net each cloth; 2s. net each leather.

Chips from Dickens. Selected by Thomas Mason. "Golden Thoughts" Series. Glasgow: David Bryce & Son. 1s. net.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"Thackeray, Dickens, and Education." *T. P.'s Weekly*, May 3.

"A Pickwickian Puzzle: Is Sudbury Eatanswill?" By C. Van Noorden. Illustrated. *The Graphic*, May 4.

"Dickens Competition, No. 1." *T. P.'s Weekly*, May 3.

"Where Charles Dickens met Mr. Pickwick." *Birmingham Weekly Post*, April 27.

"The Eatanswill Gazette." *P. T. O.*, April 27.

"Another Dickens Landmark." *T. P.'s Weekly*, April 26.

"Life's Fitful Fever." (Review of Kitton's *Life of Dickens*.) *The Practical Teacher*, May.

"One of the 'Brothers Cheeryble.'" By Louis Cecil. *The Crown*, April 27.

"Is Sudbury Eatanswill?" By F. Clayton. *Essex and Suffolk News*, May 4; *Morning Leader* (Sub Rosa), April 23.

"Famous Scenes in Fiction." *Scarborough Mercury*, May 10.

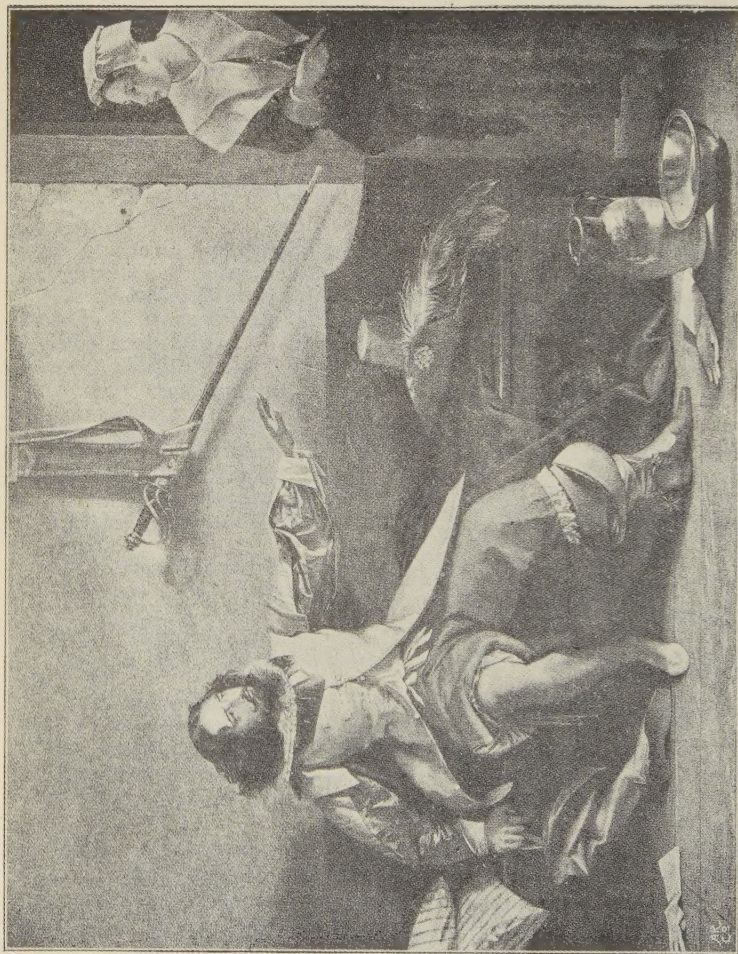
"London's First Dickens Memorial" (illus.). *Daily News*, May 10; *The Tribune*, May 11; *City Press*, May 11, and other papers.

We have received a very dainty little book, about half the size of an ordinary postcard, from Messrs. Bryce & Son, of Glasgow, entitled "*Chips from Dickens*." As the title suggests, it is a volume of extracts from the works of Charles Dickens, and represents the many-sided genius of the novelist by means of tiny pearls of thought which adorn the pages of his books. The booklet is published at 1s. net, and is bound in moiré antique silk.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

JUNE

8. Trip to Rochester, Chatham, Gadshill, and Cobham. See "When Found," page 143.
15. Liverpool Branch: Picnic to Chester and Eaton Hall.



CHARLES DICKENS AS "CAPTAIN BOBADIL" IN BEN JONSON'S "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR"

From a painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A.

[See page 174]